

The net debt of New York City now reaches \$49,131,136.69.

There are in the United States 4,000 public libraries with more than 1,000 volumes each.

A statistician has figured out that in New York City the suicides average about seven a day throughout the year.

The statistics indicate that the farms of Ohio are worth upwards of \$50,000,000 less than they were a year ago, while the indebtedness of their owners has grown about \$8,000,000.

The German statistician, Bernhard Ornstein, has computed that Greece stands in the first rank among European countries in the number of centenarians. He attributes this to its climate.

New York's elevated cable and horse railroads carry a good many more passengers in the course of a year than the Brooklyn trolley lines, yet they killed only eight persons during 1894, against the latter's forty-five.

Attention is called by The Presbyterian to the fact that the progress of Southern Presbyterian church in the work of Foreign Missions is such that in the past seven years it has doubled the number of missionaries in the field.

The Indianapolis people say their public schools are not what they ought to be. A high school boy recently spelled agency "ageshuncy," and another boy who was asked to define and illustrate the word "antedates" replied as follows: "Antedates means going before. The policeman antedates the procession."

A leading Parisian newspaper states that the cordial reception given to the retiring French ambassador by Queen Victoria at Windsor, an honor only accorded to favorite officials or representatives of very friendly nations, leads to the hope of a prompt solution of the different questions pending between France and England.

Electricity has been utilized to color leather various shades, and it is predicted that in a few years it will be used for tanning. Experiments demonstrate, announces the New York Mail and Express, that in time it will be possible to tan a hide in twenty-four hours, a process that required eleven months under the old method.

A German company has been organized to start the first woolen factory in the Transvaal, South Africa. The Transvaal government offers a substantial annual bonus for the manufacture of a certain quantity of cloth and blankets from wool grown in the country. The government of the Orange Free State also offers a similar yearly bonus to encourage the establishment of a woolen manufactory within the republic.

Austin Corbin, the New York railway magnate, has imported a family of 250 Italian families to a 4,000 acre tract he has sold them, near Greenville, Chicot county, Arkansas. Arkansas is filling up rapidly and before long will be one of the leading fruit states in the Union. Rurally bred Italians are among the best fruit farmers in the world, and the St. Louis Star-Sayings thinks, the coming colony should be quite a fruit factor in the state.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings feels that "the fact that Southern farmers are generally sending of their plenty to their starving brethren in Nebraska must not be permitted to pass unnoticed. Naturally enough, the first point of observation is that no such call for aid as was made by the suffering Western tillers ever goes unheeded in this great country, and the second is the liberality evidenced by the givers emphasizes the renewed and growing prosperity of the men of the South. The latter, it may joyfully be announced, have raised more than they need, and in graciously bestowing some of their recent advancement and advantages. Above all, however, the happy circumstances are once more made plain to the people of the United States that theirs, after all, is a homogeneous nation, every part of which is in touch with every other part, all sections, divisions and ends being bound together immutably by the ties of a common humanity, a common generosity, a common affection and esteem. The one touch of nature which today is recorded, truly has made the whole nation kin, and its effects will be known and remembered long after the evidences of the present occasion have passed away."

Hurry-Up and By-and-By.

Hurry-up met By-and-by
Twining flowers one day;
Hurry-up was very grave,
By-and-by was gay.
"Wait a little, friend," he said,
"Come and share my play."
But the other did not pause,
"I must work," said he;
"Work until my task is done,
And my mind is free."
"Work will wait," quoth By-and-by,
"Sit down here with me."
"I shall labor pretty soon
When this wrenth is leed,
There is time enough for toll,
Why this foolish haste?"
Hurry-up said, walking on,
"Time's too dear to waste."

By-and-by saw Hurry-up
Once again, they say;
Saw him sitting at his easel
In the bright noon-day;
Blossoms grew about his feet,
And his air was gay.

By-and-by, with brooding eyes,
Looking out to the west,
Hurry-up down the dusty road
Aunt and depressed,
While beneath his nervous feet
Faded flowers he pressed.

"Queer," he grumbled, as he went
Scowling on his way,
"How luck favors Hurry-up!
Fate is queer, I say,
And he does not understand
"Such is pluck" always.

—ELLA W. WILCOX, in Youth's Companion.

MARCELENA'S LOVERS.

It was at that time of the year when the sky of New Mexico is as blue as the eyes of the girl you love, and the scintillating reminds you of the Scotch heather, dry and vari-colored, but making an exquisite harmony among the huge blood-red sandstone buttes, and plains diversified by caves and canyons. And spread everywhere the wonderful eseti, with their marvelous flowers, like the scarlet blossoms of sin.

There in peace and plenty, live a people who will always be picturesque, the unique and interesting Pueblos, who have lost more arts than we ever possessed; whose men are brave, peaceful and domesticated; who live in terraced houses and build difficult churches, and wash themselves without government interference; and who do not choose for themselves Yankee sons-in-law, but are often compelled to accept them as a penalty for having handsome daughters.

The Pueblo girls, like girls the world over, will marry only where they love, and no man dare trifle with the affections of a Pueblo maiden.

All of which is incidental to the story of Marcelena Zenda, the prettiest girl in New Mexico, who lived in one of the terraced houses, and had Spanish blood in her veins, and was so beautiful that her name was a charm in her tribe. Marcelena had refused a dozen Mexican suitors, the Colonel of a regiment stationed at Fort Bowie, and a half dozen of her own people. Then she met a dark, melancholy man from New England, who had come there with the principal product of that country, consumption, and expected to die.

He had no right to fall in love, but he did, and what was more remarkable, his love was returned. Marcelena had lands and burros, and a tenement that was a wonder of architecture in her own right, and could have married her lover off-hand, her people all being subservient to her slightest wish, but the New England man had a conscience. After winning the girl's love he decided that it would be wicked for him to marry her, only to make her a widow.

"But you will die not, Jabez"—his name was James—said Marcelena; "I make myself prayer to God in the thorn, that you live—I suffer; then he make you to be well."

"No, dear one, you mistake; God does not ask that you shall lacerate your fair body with thorns that I may recover. If any one did that it should be me. Promise me that you will never again go with the Penitentes—promise me, Marcelena, although I may not live to know that you keep your promise."

So Marcelena promised, and then brought her guitar and played sweetly to her lover, who watched her with intent gaze, longing for a new lease of life, that he might call her his own.

Through the interference of friends he became an inmate of the Government Hospital at the fort, and improved so rapidly that he sent for Marcelena to come to him and be married by the post chaplain.

No," said Marcelena, in the proverb of her people, "that would be the haystack going after the cow. I may at home, or not at all."

Pretty Marcelena controlled herself as best she could, and in a moment of loneliness consented to attend a ball with a former lover, Senor Filipe who had sworn to himself that she should never marry another man.

But of this the New Mexican girl was quite unconscious. She arrayed herself for the ball in an elaborate dancing skirt of gay striped stuff, embroidered in many colored beads and silver sequin in strings down the breadth. Her dainty feet were encased in soft moccasins for this was an occasion when she wore her tribal dress and she carried the castanets bequeathed to her by her Spanish mother. So accounted she accompanied Senor Filipe.

That night Marcelena was as usual the belle of the ball. It was not at all surprising that she should accept the homage showered upon her, but her heart was not in it, and at midnight she stepped to the open door of the dancing hall and looked far over the shining plain, and thought of her lover lying in the ward of the hospital perhaps dying under the same glorious moonlight. Bianca her friend had taken the last dance for her, and she stepped out to breathe the welcome tonic of the night air.

Some one was singing "El Borrachito," giving the refrain in English, badly broken:

"And a passion for a woman caused it all,"

The Borrachito—"the man who is a little drunk"—was the cavalier Filipe, who had brought Marcelena to the ball, and who was now ready to take her home, swung to the same saddle, a mode of convenience not only proper, but popular among the Pueblos. He was looking into her eyes with that dashing daring audacity which was her meed of homage. She curled her red lips just a little at his too ardent gaze, but he was accustomed to that—only there was that in his mind to-night of which she knew nothing.

The rest of the company were out watching the pair on the fleet Mexican horse.

"Some day," says one of the rejected, "he will run away with her!"

"That fiery Filipe—no. She is too tame. He knows she will marry the Yankee schoolmaster—poor little one."

The flash of silver on the girl's dress dazzled their eyes in the moonlight.

Her handsome arms clasped the cavalier Filipe, but not too closely, she was in a hurry to get some one to pray for her "Jabez."

They dashed into the moonlight and across the plaza, through the plain beyond, over fields of cactus, startling the jack rabbits and the piping quail, and away like the wind, but in an opposite direction to the home of Marcelena. At first the girl did not notice it, but Filipe, flushed and fearless, called out:

"To Acoma, gazelle, to the country of Filipe, and you will never see your puny American again!"

There was a wild cry of despair, as the girl tried to throw herself from the flying horse, but could not free herself for a moment from the passionate grasp of the Mexican.

"I'll kill you!" she said between her teeth.

"Kill away, my pretty one, but you shall be my wife first."

On and on, with the speed of the wind, went the fleet horse, and they were nearing the little cemetery in the valley when Marcelena's arms relaxed, and her head drooped on the shoulder of Filipe. He believed she had fainted, and attempted to change his position, when like a flash of lightning, the steel poinard in his belt cleft the air and descended—not in his treacherous heart, but in the soft breast of the beautiful and desperate Marcelena.

At that moment a company of United States soldiers came pouring out of an ambulance which was slowly passing on its way to Fort Bowie.

They captured the cavalier Filipe, and took the apparently lifeless girl to the hospital, a temporary building then in use.

Marcelena was not dead, not even fatally wounded. But she was a long time in the ward of the Government Hospital before she could be removed to her home, and there was a pretty ceremony performed there when she was able to sit up as a convalescent. It was her marriage to "Jabez," as she called him; the Yankee schoolmaster, who, in the generous climate of New Mexico, had grown so robust that he snapped his fingers at the spectre which had been a family banisher for many generations.

They talk of the hospital romance to this day, and the professor, as the schoolmaster is now called, lives just across the valley from Senor Filipe, who married Bianca, and made a model husband.—Detroit Free Press.

The Massachusetts Cotton Company has determined to build a \$600,000 plant, with a capacity of 30,000 spindles, at some undetermined point in the Southern States.

May Get Rid of the Rabbit Pest.

The time seems rapidly approaching when the rabbit of Australia will cease to be regarded as a nuisance, says the Melbourne Leader. What can be done with the rabbit as a marketable commodity in the way of preserving the meat in tins and utilizing the skin has been proved, and a Sydney firm is reported as having dispatched an agent to London whose mission is to extend a trade in exporting rabbits as frozen meat. He is to do his best to push markets for the millions of superfluous game of the colony of New South Wales now being treated as vermin, and on the extermination of which large amounts of money are annually expended. Hares and rabbits are to be the first consideration, and other game, such as wallaby, the choice parts of the kangaroo, wild birds, etc., will follow. According to the manager of the company, a great part of the proposed export of rabbits will go to the northern parts of England, the people in those districts having already favored the trade. Last year the company exported between 6,000 and 7,000 rabbits and about 10,000 hares. It is expected that the consignments of frozen rabbits will reach annually not less than 250,000. Up to the present the rabbits have been forwarded in bags, but for the future it is intended to pack them in banded cases, fifty rabbits in a case. Instructions will be issued to those who enter into the business of procuring the animals how they are to be killed. No shot rabbits will be taken. They must be dispatched in such a manner that no blood is allowed to get on their skins, and so interfere with the process of freezing. The railway commissioners are offering every facility for the development of the trade, which is likely to benefit the colony in more ways than one. In all there is a hint to Victoria as to how a little of the government money now wastefully expended in poisoning might be judiciously used in the direction of subsidies toward making the rabbits a source of profit.

Wonders of Telegraphy.

Another new invention in telegraphy is reported in a Washington letter. By the new method two hundred words or more per minute can be sent. It has reached the speed of 300 words per minute, and is known as the Rogers system. The business man can, by this method, dictate a message to his stenographer who, in writing it out on the typewriter, can produce a perforated ribbon which may be presented at the telegraph office and by it the message may be automatically forwarded. In this way a retain copy is preserved, and the astonishing speed mentioned is obtained.

The people who are getting ready to put this wonderful invention into practical use are putting up their first line between Washington and Baltimore, over the same route that was traveled by Professor Morse's trial in 1844.

Of course it is now an old story that the telephone brings Chicago and Boston into adjoining rooms. The proposed phonoscope will let the speaker at one end of the telephone line see the person addressed at the other end. The autograph completes this phase of invention by transmitting a photograph over a telegraph wire and recording it as received in the shape of a finished engraving ready for the printing press. Akin to this is the teleautograph, which records an autographic message and carries it in the handwriting of the sender. The two last are the inventions of Professor Elisha Gray of Chicago.

But the new Rogers invention will go far ahead of any other in rapidity of work and in the fact that it does not need an expert receiving operator. It will in this way diminish the cost as well as immensely increase the speed of transmitting messages—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Queen Victoria's Quill Harness.

The greatest curiosity of the Queen's stables and harness rooms is a very beautiful set of harness for four horses. It is called "the quill harness," being one mass of the finest embroidery of white quills on black leather. The maker of the set brought an action against the Queen on the question of the price. The case, when fought out, resulted in a favorable verdict for Her Majesty, but Prince Albert would never allow the harness to be used, and it hangs in glass cupboards in the largest of the many harness rooms.—New York Journal.

A Change.

Old Boarder—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs.
Waiter Girl—No, sir; not ham and eggs this morning.
"Thank the stars! What is it?"
"Only ham."—New York Weekly.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

GENERALS SURPRISED.

A Battle That Was Not Fought According to the Schools.

[Continued.]

It was 9 o'clock before the last of the Federal regiments, those nearest to the steamboat landing, were started to the front. Meanwhile, the outer line had been forced back at several points, and the Confederates, encouraged by their success, were pushing things with desperate energy. There were no defenses of any kind, not so much as the railbed earthwork, to lessen the dangers and serve the ends of strategy. The dense and underbrush afforded some degree of shelter, but they also provided opportunities for ambush, and thus tended to increase rather than to diminish the general chances of casualty. It was practically a battle in which the ground was contested step by step, and against man. There was no chance for a tactical maneuvering. The two armies confronted each other in such a way that the issue depended upon direct and simple fighting, and not upon any of the theories taught in schools of military instruction. In the nature of the case, a coherent and systematic general plan of operation was out of the question. The conditions changed so rapidly, there was such a succession of unforeseen events, that it was impossible to follow a given course or to preserve a unity of calculations. There was nothing to do but to accept the logic of constantly shifting circumstances, and to strike a blow whenever and wherever the occasion was presented.

Grant arrived about 8 o'clock from Savannah, nine miles distant, and assumed command. He explained his absence by saying that he was expecting Buell to arrive at Paducah, and wished to see him there, but he was certainly not anticipating an attack or he would have been more with his army. However, he was acting in accordance with the science of war, which justified the opinion that the Confederates would not leave an opportunity to bring on a battle with the army that were preparing to attack them. The lesson was useful to him afterward, and he won his greatest victory by an equally bold departure from an established military theory.

He organized ammunition trains as soon as he arrived, and hastened reinforcements forward. Then he visited each of the division commanders in turn, and was with Sherman at 10 o'clock, when the latter was engaged in his hottest fight, and then called on him to retire and accept another line of defense. It was in this fight that Cleburn's Confederate brigade of six regiments made repeated charges upon a wooded ascent and lost more than one-third of its members, the 24th Mississippi having 300 killed and wounded out of a total of 425. There were repeated engagements of this desperate order in which the regiments on both sides were so badly shattered that they could not re-engage for several days during the day.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the Confederate records, Breckinridge rode up to Johnston under great excitement, and said: "I have a regiment of Tennesseeans who refuse to fight, though I have been long trying to rally them. They are now in Johnston turned to Gov. Harris, who is a member of his staff, saying: 'Do you hear that, Governor? Harris replied: 'I will see what I can do,' and galloped away, followed by Breckinridge, who returned in a few moments, reporting that the men could not be induced to make a charge. 'Then, I will help you,' said Johnston, and he rode into Bowen's lines, holding on one of his fingers a bright tin cup, from which he had been drinking. 'Men of Texas and Arkansas,' he cried, 'the enemy is stubborn, and I charge you now to show what you can do with your bayonets and toothpicks. I will lead you forward!' The men went in with a yell, and gained the coveted position, but their success was very costly one, as it cost the lives of Johnston, who was struck by a shot near a severed artery, and no longer being present, the loss of blood soon ended his life. News of this misfortune spread rapidly through both armies, dispersing the one and encouraging the other. There was a short lull on that part of the field where Johnston had been killed; and then the fighting was resumed with a new vigor along the whole line. Beauregard having succeeded to the command of the Confederate forces.

When Beauregard heard of the death of Johnston, he quickly assembled all the troops within his reach and formed them for a general advance against the fatal slope known as the hornet's nest, where the divisions of Prentiss and Wallace had been engaged. The brunt of the battle for several hours was being pelled all attacks made on them. In consequence of the changing of lines by Sherman, a gap was left between these divisions and the supporting ones, and the Confederates passed through it to Wallace's rear. Harris made an effort to keep them back, but they were too strong for him and he had to retreat. This sharp fight was the one in which Surgeon (afterward Colonel) Corry, of Missouri, distinguished himself by throwing away his medical outfit and taking charge of a battery. As soon as the fact of Harris's withdrawal became known to Prentiss and Wallace they consulted and resolved to hold their position at all hazards and keep the enemy from passing on to the landing. But they were isolated from the rest of the army and surrounded by a superior force. At length Wallace ordered his command to retire and cut a way through, and two regiments succeeded in doing so. Wallace fell mortally wounded. Prentiss, a superb and heroic struggle to hold his ground but it was futile; and when he saw that further resistance was useless he surrendered the remaining fragments of the two divisions—2,200 men.

It was not until 6 o'clock that the Confederates had their headquarters near the Shiloh landing. It was in fact, 25 during the afternoon over what he had to be an assured Confederate victory. One of the officers who reported to him after the death of Johnston found him holding a live snake in his hand which he said he had picked up on the field, and was keeping as a trophy. "This little fact made quite an impression on me at the time," observes the officer; "it struck me as inopportune to be getting a poor frightened bird when there were two good hours of daylight left for pursuing the flying enemy." But in fact the pursuit was kept up until it ended in a repulse that left the victory with the Federals. It was nearly 6 o'clock when Cleburn's brigade made its famous charge across the ravine in front of the position near the landing where remnants of various regiments numbering some 4,000 men, with fifty pieces of artillery, had been stationed. Grant was on his horse a hundred yards up the hill watching the movements of the enemy when he ventured to say, "General, things are going decidedly against us to-day," and he replied, in his characteristic way, "Not at all, sir; we are whipping them there now." He was right, and wide and deep ravines, swept by the fire in front and from the gullies on the flank, was the last ditch of the Confederates, and when their charge failed the battle was decided against them.

It is well known of course, that Buell's army hesitated to arrive that evening, but not in time to participate in the battle, and that Lew Wallace also came in with his delayed division. The next day's fighting, therefore, was in every sense favorable to the Federals. It opened at an early hour, and the Confederates were driven back with heavy loss over the ground which they had so dearly captured on the previous day. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon it became evident that Beauregard was merely continuing the battle to secure a retreat to Corinth. Grant placed himself at the head of several parts of regiments and ordered a charge. "I knew the enemy was ready to break," he says, "and only needed a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends who had started earlier." The charge was made with loud cheers, and the battle ended then and there. But the pursuit was not continued after 4 o'clock. "I wanted to pursue," says Grant, "but had not the bears to order the

men, who had fought desperately for two days, lying in the mud and rain, whenever not fighting, and I did not feel disposed to positively order Buell, or any part in his command, to pursue." Nevertheless, the opportunity was lost to destroy Beauregard's army, and thus materially shorten the war, just as a like opportunity was missed after Gettysburg; and in neither case are the explanations sufficient to justify the commanders who thus let well enough alone when they could surely have done much better.

TOUGH, BUT DIDN'T LAST LONG

Western Way of Suppressing a Bad Man from the East.

"It is interesting to observe," said a man from Colorado, "how small the tough man from the East is apt to sing in the Far West after he has had an experience or two in running up against the men of that region. He finds out that an altercation is likely to bring him up facing the muzzle of a pistol in the hands of a man much more ready to pull the trigger off-hand than to waste time in preliminary talk. He soon learns the lesson of circumspection, and, if he survives the process, his behavior is usually modified to fit his new surroundings.

"A tragic illustration of the results that may come from a tenderfoot's attempt to masquerade as a bad man west of the Mississippi River came under my observation in the winter of 1881-'82 in New Mexico. I boarded the southward-bound Atchison train at Las Vegas and soon found that one of the passengers was terrorizing the others. He had been drinking, and he paraded the cars, talking loudly and profanely, trying to pick quarrels with passengers and frequently flourishing a revolver. The train hands did not seem inclined to interfere with him, and among the people aboard whom he directly insulted he did not happen to hit any one who had the sand or the disposition to call him down.

"Toward the members of a theatrical company traveling in one of the coaches he particularly directed his violence and insults. His conduct with them at last became unbearable, and when, after threatening two actors with his revolver and frightening the women to the verge of hysterics, he passed onward into another car, a hurried council of war was held in the coach he had vacated, and every man who had a pistol got it in readiness, with the understanding that if he returned he was to be shot down at the first aggressive movement. But that phase of trouble was averted, for, as it happened, he remained in the car ahead until, at dusk, the train rolled into Albuquerque.

"Here Scott Moore, the proprietor of the Apache House, was at the station with his hackman awaiting the train's arrival. He called out the name of his horse at the door of the car in which I was sitting, and then turning to the hackman said:

"You take care of the passengers in this car, and I will go on to the next."

"These inoffensive words caught the ear of the tough man from the East, who was pushing his way to the car platform. He drew his pistol and started for the nearest man on the station platform, shouting:

"You'll take care of us, will you! I'll show you smart fellows out here that you're not able to take care of me!"

"He flourished his revolver as he spoke, and just as his foot struck the second step of the car he fired, the ball passing over the head of the man on the station platform. The sound of his pistol was instantly followed by two quick reports, and the tough man fell forward upon the platform dead. The man at whom he had apparently fired had drawn his revolver and shot him twice through the heart.

"A crowd gathered as the train rolled on, leaving the tough man lying where he had fallen. Of course—I learned incidentally afterward—the man who killed him, a gambler of the town, was fully exonerated at the inquest, and was never indicted for the killing."

Following Line of Least Resistance.

Proofs of the truth of this proposition are constantly passing under our eyes. If we upset a jug of water on table or floor, the stream of liquid does not follow a straight line, but moves in little curves and bends, caused by the existence of obstructions very likely so minute as to be unnoticeable, yet of sufficient importance to influence the direction of the stream of water by making its passage over the spots where they exist slightly more difficult than where they do not.

We observe the same phenomenon on a large scale in the beds of rivers, and the advantage of lightning conductors is also due to the principle of least resistance. Though in this instance there is no fluid stream, yet there is a motion of something and the motion is more easily transmitted by means of metal than by stone, brick and wood of buildings. Consequently, if the latter are provided with well-constructed lightning conductors, the electric discharge will take place by their means and without affecting the rest of the edifice, although the accidents which still occasionally occur indicate that protection from lightning is not yet completely understood.

Organic growth also takes the direction of least resistance, though here the conditions are so much more complicated than in the case of inorganic motion that the principle is less readily distinguished.—Good Words.

He Squared Himself.

Elder Charles Holden, pastor of the church in Warwick, R. I., at the time of the Declaration of Independence, had been accustomed to pray for "the King and all in authority" in his public services. The elder was patriotic, and the new order of things interfered with his set forms of speech. At one time, while praying, he came to the place, "We pray for the King and all in authority," and before he was aware of it, the words were uttered. He stopped short, and, after an instant's hesitation, added, "Living in Rhode Island."